Em. But now my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Em. *Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a young *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?
Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kild? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet reuenge growes harsh.
Des. O falsly, falsly murdered.
Em. Ahlas, what cry is that?
Oth. That, what?
Em. Out and alas, it was my Ladies voyce,
Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe.
Sweet *Desdemona*, O sweet mistresse speake.
Des. A guiltlesse death I die.
Em. O who has done this deed?
Des. Nobody, I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *She dies.*
Oth. Why how should she be murdered?
Em. Alas, who knowes?
Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.
Em. She sayd so, I must needs report a truth.
Oth. She's like a lyer gone to burning hell,
T'was I that kild her.
Em. O, the more Angell she,
And you the blacker deuill.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Em Thou doest bely her and thou art a deuill.
Oth. She was false as water.
Em. Thou art rash as fire,
To say that she was false: O she was heauenly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.
Em. My husband:

Oth. Thy husband.
Em. That she was false to wedloc
Oth. I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she
If heauen would make me such anoth
Of one intire and perfect Crisolite,
I'de not haue sold her for it.
Em. My husband?
Oth. I, twas he that told me first
An honest man he is, and hates the slin
That sticks on filthy deedes.
Em. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iteration? w
Em. Oh Mistres, villany hath mad
My husband say that she was false?
Oth. He woman, I say thy husban
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest
Em. If he say so, may his pernitio
Rot halfe a graine a day; he lies to't
She was too fond of her most filthy ba
Oth. Ha?
Em. Doe thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy h
Then thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Em. Thou hast not halfe the powe
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as durt; thou hast done
I care not for thy sword, Ile make the
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe,
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, mu

Enter Montano, Gragantio, I
Mon. What is the matter? how n
Em O, are you come *Iago*? you h
That men must lay their murder on yo
Gra. What is the matter?
Em. Disproue this villaine, if th
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.